

wonder by toes-ier (snowglobegays)

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Summary:

Dear Mike,

So I'll remain within your reign
Until my thoughts can travel somewhere new
My mind is blind to everything but you
And I wonder if you wonder about me too

1. Dear Mike

Author's Note:

based on "Wonder" by Lauren Aquilina

this got a bit away from me and it's only really loosely based on that song... this fic wrote itself honestly i played no part in it. chapter 2 is already written and will be posted tomorrow. also, this hasn't been betaed or anything bc i didn't want the letters to feel edited and groomed, they needed to be more authentic.

01/02/85

Dear Mike,

I'm never going to send this. You're never going to read this. It's fine, honestly. Keeping this letter, this secret, from you. I have to.

Lately, we've been drifting. I get it. There's a lot I can't do still, a lot I'm too afraid to. Eleven is more adventurous. She's new. I get it. I already said that. You love her a lot, I know you do. Even when I came back from the Upside Down, you thought more about her than me. I understood! You missed her! I wanted to know her; she saved my life! But I kind of... resented her. You were always at my side, always looking after me, but you were *always* thinking of her. It drove me crazy. I wished you would pay more attention to me.

I still do.

Now, it's like... you're aware of my existence, but you don't know I'm here. Does that make sense? You spend every day at her cabin when you used to spend every day at my house, or you'd invite me over every day. We're growing up, aren't we?

I miss you.

-Will.

02/15/85

Dear Mike,

It's been over a month since I last wrote. I don't know why I said that. I obviously didn't send the first letter.

Yesterday was Valentine's day. You were so excited all day at school. Kristine, in third period, she was really upset. She kept talking about how she thought she had a chance with you, how you always let her borrow a pencil if she needed one, and that it was unfair that you obviously had a girlfriend at a different school. It took all my self control to not agree with her.

I heard Nancy and Jonathan talking. He made her dinner at our house. It was really romantic, but it made me sad. I want someone to cook for. Not a girl. But what boy would want to be cooked for?

Anyway, Nancy said that she had spent all afternoon helping you bake cookies for El. That's adorable, honestly. I know how hopeless you are in the kitchen. I hope the cookies turned out alright. I'm not sure El has anything to compare them to, though, right? She probably hasn't had many cookies before. I bet she loved them.

Is it wrong to hate her? After everything she did for us? She's saved our lives countless times. I still don't like her. I'm such a bad best friend, aren't I. I feel bad. I can't control my feelings. I can't control my thoughts. But I shouldn't hate her. At least Dustin and Lucas like her. At least she's warming up to Max.

Speaking of, Dustin came over earlier. He's still upset over Lucas and Max dating. He went on and on about how miserable he was, seeing them dating, and wishing so badly that she had chosen him. I had to pretend I didn't understand, because he would want to know who I liked, and I could never tell anyone. I don't want my friends to treat me like Dad does.

Sorry I don't like your girlfriend.

-Will.

02/19/85

Dear Mike,

It's been four days. I couldn't help myself. We went to see a movie after school today, just me and you. We shared a soda. It was hard. We saw *The Breakfast Club*, because El saw an ad for it and was really upset she can't see it until it comes out on VHS. The whole movie, I could see you trying to memorize every line so you could tell her later. It kind of hurt.

I wanted to ask you to come over for dinner, I think Mom expected you to be here because she made extra food, but I chickened out. You said you were going straight to El's cabin after the movie. It's alright. You're so busy being busy, I don't want to interfere. I'm not the most important person in your life anymore.

Except, I feel like I remember you telling me I *am* the most important. Something about you saying that becoming my friend was the best thing you ever did. What happened to that? Did reuniting with El kick befriending me to second place? I feel so inferior around her.

I wish we could hang out without you thinking of her the whole time.

-Will

03/01/85

Dear Mike,

We went to the arcade today. All of us. Minus El, of course. She's still on house arrest. I feel like I'm taking this time for granted, and soon I'll only fondly remember a time when you actually paid attention to me in outings.

That's being dramatic though.

We watched Max play Dig Dug for half an hour, and she beat her own high score. I remember in October last year, when I still had episodes, and I went outside and the world changed. I had to step

outside to get away from the smell, and I was terrified that everything would be dark again. I thought you would follow me. I thought you would be worried.

You didn't come with me.

There I am, being dramatic again! Why would you follow me? Everything is over. You have your girlfriend, and I haven't freaked in months. I shouldn't have been upset. They needed you in there, did you know? You control the atmosphere when we hang out. You're always the center of attention, at least to me. Not in a bad way, though. You're the center like the sun is the center of the solar system. Bright, and we all orbit around you. You're never conceited, though. You don't see yourself as the center. That's one thing I love about

03/13/85

Dear Mike,

Sorry I stopped writing mid sentence. I hadn't known that I love you. I thought it was just a crush. Just dumb feelings that would go away. Not *love*.

I do love you though. I know that now. It makes sense. I've always loved you, I suppose. It's always been there. That love. I hid it from myself, because you're completely off limits. So off limits. For more reasons than just one. You're straight. You have a girlfriend. I can't be gay. If anyone knew I love you, I'd be dead. Plus, you don't love me. Not like that.

But I can't stop.

I can't stop loving you. I wish I could! I really really do! Sometimes, at night, I'll just stare at the ceiling, wondering how I got so caught. So caught up in you, so caught up in my feelings.

I wish I was normal. I keep seeing on the news, about AIDS. How it's the gay man's disease. How the president doesn't care about us.

Look at me, using us. I guess I really am gay. I hate it. I'm probably

the only gay person in this stupid town. I want to move away, far away, maybe far into the future, if I'm ever accepted. If I can ever be gay in public. I hope I can be out someday.

It's doubtful.

-Will

03/22/85

Dear Mike,

It's my birthday. I'm fourteen. I don't feel like the oldest of our friend group. It's wrong. If I'm the oldest, why am I the shortest???

I don't actually mind that though. I like looking up at you. I think that's my type- taller guys. Maybe skinny. I don't know. There aren't many attractive guys in Hawkins I can look at, and I can't go buying any of those girly magazines with all the celebrities in them, because I don't have a sister. If I was seen with one of those... Anyway, I don't need one. I've always had my eye on you. I know that at least you're my type.

You were really nice to me today. You came over for breakfast, brought pancakes your mom made. It meant a lot. Mom was really happy to see you. I think she's noticed that we hang out less. She's worried for me.

All the kids at school were nice, which was new. I think Max threatened them, but I'm not sure. It sounds likely.

One thing I hated about today was that you never once mentioned El. Weird that I hated that, right? It shows that you know you talk about her too much yet you still go on and on about her all the time even though I'm obviously tired and annoyed. Maybe instead of toning down on talking about her for one day, my birthday of all days, you could, I don't know, tone it down forever? When I realized you were making a conscious effort to not mention her, I got so mad. You at least know you're being a pain. I wish you'd do something to change that.

No matter how mad I got, though, I was still grateful. You and the others being there meant a lot. Thank you for dinner. I'm sorry if my crush was too obvious. I'm stuck giving you heart eyes until my mind can travel somewhere new.

I have to go now, Jonathan wants to open presents. Thank you for still being my friend.

-Will.

05/18/85

Dear Mike,

I kind of forgot about these, if I'm honest. School got so hectic. You talking about El less wasn't just for my birthday. You told me yesterday that she's becoming kind of insufferable. She's so tired of being cooped up that visiting her isn't fun anymore.

I think it's unfair for you to visit her less. Tomorrow, I'm going to visit her. Alone. I've never done that before. I told Dustin to tell Steve to tell Hopper, so I hope they're expecting me. I know she's going to be suspicious. I'm sorry I'm not telling you. I'm sure she'll tell you next time you visit her, and you'll be hurt. I know it's mean, but I'm a little excited that the tables have turned. Maybe I'll like El, maybe we'll become friends, maybe you'll be the one being left out soon.

We'll see.

-Will.

05/19/85

Dear Mike,

El's cabin is... interesting, to say the least. The windows are half boarded up and half taped over with plastic. El said it's because she got mad too many times. That frightens me.

I actually really like her! I feel real bad for hating her for so long,

because she didn't deserve that. She told me that she's noticed that you visit less, and I told her I would start visiting more. I think that made her happy. I think she feels a sort of attachment to me, from saving me so many times. It makes sense.

I hate that even though you're spending less time with her, you're still spending less time with me. I thought that if you got tired of her, our sleepovers would resume, we'd be attached at the hip again. Not the case, unfortunately. You've been spending a lot more time with Lucas. I think you two talk about having girlfriends.

I don't understand straight people.

The other day, Dustin told me that Lucas complained about Max for a solid ten minutes. Why would you complain about someone you're dating? I, obviously, don't have any dating experience, but I feel like I wouldn't complain. I know that if I was dating you, I wouldn't complain. Ever. I'd be over the moon if we dated, honestly. But El still talks about you with wide eyes and you still look so lovesick over her, even when she drives you up the wall.

I think that's what true love is.

I'm finding that loving you isn't as hard. I'm still totally head over heels, but I don't feel like I've been shot every time you mention El. It's more of a deep seated sadness, something constant that I can handle no problem.

Tomorrow, I think, I'm gonna tell you to talk to El more. She deserves it.

I can handle it.

-Will

06/02/85

Dear Mike,

Well, you took my advice. In the two weeks since I first visited El, you've seen her eighteen times. Yes, I kept count. Yes, I did use El.

She tells me when you visit more than once a day. I think it's cute. I'm happy you're finally seeing her for what she's worth again.

Don't burn yourself out.

I don't have anything more to say. Sometimes I think I'm over you.

-Will

06/04/85

Dear Mike,

"Over you." That's a good one. No, I'm still gay for you. So, incredibly gay for you.

(Happy birthday by the way.)

Pool parties will be the death of me. That's all I can say. A whole day. An entire day. I love you so much. I wanted to tell you so many times today. It felt like getting shot again. Was it really just two weeks ago that I said I felt better? I take it back.

Steve let us use his pool. Hopper let El come, provided nobody else see us. You were enamoured. She was thrilled. She kept asking me to swim with her, because she didn't have good experiences with pools, and she didn't want to keep you away from everyone else the whole time. I had to play with her, keep her happy. I understand how sometimes things remind us too much of that lab, of that other place.

You had fun. I can tell. Your cheeks were all flushed and you smiled all day. Fourteen looks good on you.

My mind is blind to everything but you.

-Will

07/14/85

Dear Mike,

There was a big concert fundraiser for famine relief in Ethiopia yesterday. Lots of the funds going to help people. I watched it by myself last night. Mom and Jonathan had work. I was surprised that she let me stay home alone for a night. I'm glad she did.

Mike, it was incredible. Seeing all those people, all those legends, performing just to help hungry people, all those people buying tickets to help hungry people. Queen was the best, probably. Jonathan thinks they're overrated, but I think he wants to be different. I like them. I like that they wanted to help people.

I really loved David Bowie though. I love seeing him. He's out as... something. I'm not sure what. I can't find much information about him anywhere. I know the people of this town don't want me to know about him.

It gets lonely, being gay all by myself. I wish you loved me back. I wish you were gay. I wish Lucas or Dustin or El or Max were gay, honestly. That would be fun.

I've gotten off topic. The concert provided funds for people in Ethiopia who are starving. It made me reflect a bit. I get so upset that you don't like me back, while people are starving to death. It kind of put my life into perspective.

I feel dumb for saying that. I'm glad you'll never read these. Apparently, no matter what I do, you're always at the top of my mind.

I guess I'll remain within your reign forever.

-Will

08/01/85

Dear Mike,

I don't know how much I like writing these. They're basically a diary. I think if my therapist knew about these, he'd want to read them. I'm afraid I'm going to tell him on accident. He's the type of person to believe in conversion therapy, but he's all this town has to offer. I

don't want to be shocked until my brain turns to mush just because I think you're hot.

Even though I'm terrified, I find I'm more comfortable with being gay. Sometimes I think about telling Mom. I'm sure she'd still love me, but then I get nervous that maybe me being gay will be the one thing she can't accept, and she'll wish I died in the Upside Down. I wish I could tell you about who I am. I'm too afraid you'll hate me. I know how you've been raised. Your dad sucks.

High school is soon. I'm terrified. I'm afraid that when I go there, it'll be obvious that I'm gay, and the seniors will beat me up. You have to help me if that happens, okay?
Why am I asking like you'll answer?

-Will

09/18/85

Dear Mike,

President Reagan mentioned AIDS for the first time yesterday. He said, AIDS is a priority, that he wants to do something about it. I find I've paid more attention to the news since I realized I'm gay.

On the way home from school, Max said that Billy heard the president. That Billy thought that Reagan should just let gay people die like the "filth that they are." I asked her if she felt the same, and she said that of course she didn't. She thought that he should have made AIDS a priority sooner, and that she doesn't think he'll actually do anything. She gave me hope for my friends, but not for my life. I know Max will support me now, but what's one girl from California if the entire government wants me dead?

I'm sorry I keep talking about this. It's what I've been thinking about the most, lately.

-Will

09/28/85

Dear Mike,

I'm going to tell someone. I'm going to tell Max. She's the only one who I know will support me. I think you've noticed that we've gotten a bit closer over the last week, and I think you're confused. It's alright. You'll be more confused soon.

I don't know if I want to tell her that I love you, though. I'm sure she already knows.

Max is almost here. I can hear her brother's car. I'll update you on how it goes later.

I'm terrified.

-Will.

09/28/85

Dear Mike,

I TOLD HER!!!!!! SHE ACCEPTED ME!!!!!!

That was the most nerve wracking thing I ever did. I told her, just flat out, "Max, I'm gay. I like boys." and she said "I still care for you the same."

I think it was hard for her to show affection like that. She likes to put up this persona. Kind of like I do, I guess? We didn't get into that. Maybe we'll talk about it later.

She had a lot of questions, like how I realized, who I had told, if I liked anyone (I didn't say your name, but she definitely knows.), how comfortable I am with being gay. She was really touched that she was the first one I told. I'm glad I chose her.

I feel almost bad though. Maybe I told her because I knew she'd support me, but maybe I told her because if she didn't, she'd been my friend the shortest time and losing her wouldn't hurt as much as losing Dustin or Lucas or *you*. I think it's because she supports me.

She told me that she and Lucas have been arguing a bit, but she thinks they'll make it. I got a lot of details about their relationship. I think she wanted to open up back, to give me something private like I had given her. I appreciate her a lot.

I'm so thrilled. I'm so happy. Max knows, Max loves me, I love you.

I love you.

-Will.

10/04/85

Dear Mike,

I'm going to tell Mom. Soon. I need her to know. I'm tired of hiding, and being out to Max has given me a taste of freedom and I need more.

I'm going to tell her I love you.

I'm going to cry. She's going to cry. I don't know if Jonathan will be there. I kind of want him to be, but I don't want him to have to hide stuff from Nancy.

I'm scared they won't love me. I wish you were here to hold my hand.

Okay, honestly? I need you right now. I'm so terrified. I want a hug. I'm going to call you, ask if I can come over. Please pick up.

Please.

-Will.

10/05/85

Dear Mike,

You picked up. I cried on your shoulder all night. I think you're

worried. You're afraid something is happening again. It's not. I'm just... exposing my greatest secret to my only family. Nothing big, right?

Thank you for being there for me. It's times like these that I'm glad I love you. Hey, the future's far less daunting walking into it with you.

I owe you a lot.

-Will.

10/06/85

Dear Mike,

I told Mom last night, once I got home. She said she still loves me. It was really emotional. I felt so exhausted but so happy when I finally went to bed.

She made me chocolate chip pancakes this morning.

I told Jonathan over breakfast. He spilled coffee all over himself but told me he loves me the same. I'm so relieved.

Mom and I talked about you a lot last night. I told her that I love you, that loving you made me realize, and how hard it is knowing you'll never love me back. She said that I deserve someone who loves me back. I love her. I cried on her like I cried on you, but she understood why I was crying. It was amazing.

She also said I could stop going to therapy if I wanted. I said yes please, because I'm scared I'll let something slip and he'll send me away. Did I ever tell you that there are posters for conversion therapy on his walls? Mom has seen them, and now they pose a real danger. I think you'll be extra worried when I tell you I've stopped therapy.

I kind of want you to be worried. It'll show you care.

-Will

10/09/85

Dear Mike,

Usually, I would have therapy today. Instead, I visited El. You were there. It was a little awkward, but I did have fun. I could tell you were worried about me. I like that.

You two have such a nice dynamic. You care for each other so hard. I love seeing both of you so happy. It hurts so much.

I'll get over myself.

I don't have much to say today except, I feel free, I'm happy, I'm less afraid, I still love you with everything I've got. El only has a few more weeks of house arrest. I'm actually excited to spend time with her outside of the cabin. I can see how excited she is to leave.

Loving you hurts but it's worth it.

-Will

10/28/85

Dear Mike,

I'm so in love with you.

Sometimes I think you could love me back. I know I'm just wishing. I know it's not possible. I know we're just best friends.

But then you hold my hand and you stand up for me and you tell me you care for me and I think maybe it's possible. Today, Troy kept picking on me. Calling me names. I was afraid for a minute, afraid that he *knew*, but you stood up for me, told him to not call anyone those names, to leave me alone or he'll face consequences. (I remember you telling me about how El made him wet his pants in front of the whole school after he said me being dead was good. Remind me to thank her for that.) He ran away after that. You said, and I don't think I'll ever forget these words,

“He’s just a dumbass. Don’t listen to what he says. Don’t listen to him. He only calls you those things because he’s insecure and he can’t think up any real insults.”

And you held my hand the whole way to our bikes.

What did you mean by that. He can’t think up any real insults? Being called a queer isn’t a real insult? Fag isn’t a real insult?

I think it was your way of telling me you’ll support me. Maybe you can tell I’m gay. I hope you’ll stay by my side once I finally tell you.

Who knows when that will be.

-Will

10/31/85

Dear Mike,

Happy Halloween. I’m sorry I didn’t stay long. Mom is still afraid something will happen to me. It’s going on a year since I was possessed, two since I went missing. I understand why she’s upset. You seemed really upset when I left. I hope you’re having fun out there. (I am glad I only had to be in my costume for a little while. Why did I get stuck dressing up as Allison? I wish El could have been her. She’d fit better than I do. You were a great Bender though. (I wish you could have been Andy.))

Hey! Just a few more days until El can come out. Hopper said a week into November, right? A little early, but everything is pretty cleared up. I’m surprised that I’m excited to hang out with her. I know Mom is excited to be able to have her over for dinner.

Mom is calling me now. She rented some scary movie. I know she’s thinking about Bob. He loved Halloween.

-Will

11/08/85

Dear Mike,

We took El out today! Just to the arcade and then a diner, but it was so much fun. She couldn't stop smiling. Seeing you two out as a couple in the real world hurts so much, but it's worth it. She deserves you.

Dustin likes Samantha from Biology. I think she likes him too. Soon I'll be the only single one, won't I? I hope they don't date, because then the rumors will get bigger. I'll definitely be gay. If all of you can get girlfriends, why can't I? Why doesn't Zombie Boy Byers have a girlfriend? Oh, because he's gay. I hope you'll still be friends with me when they keep saying that. I think you will.

I wish I could be a couple in public. With anyone. I think that you'll understand, when I tell you. If I ever find someone to date, and we have to do it in secret, you'll understand how hard hiding is. You had to hide El for so long.

I think I want to come out to you soon? I want to tell Dustin and Lucas first. See what they think about it. I trust them. I trust Lucas the most. He understands.

If they don't love me after I tell them, at least I have Max.

-Will

11/10/85

Dear Mike,

So, I told Dustin and Lucas today. I've told people four separate times now. It never gets any easier.

Lucas seemed weirdly relieved. Dustin said he's proud of me. I'm so glad that everyone supports me. Everyone so far. Lucas told me not to worry about you. Dustin told me to hold off on telling El. There's a lot about the world she doesn't know. I think she'll understand, but it might take a while.

Anyway, there are five people in this world that know I'm gay, and

they all love me. It's pretty nice.

I hope you're number six.

-Will

11/13/85

Dear Mike,

What the hell????????????????

El just visited me and said that you two broke up? Why would you do that? Why would you break up with her?

Just a few days ago you were so happy? I'm so confused. I really want an answer, but I'm too nervous to ask. I'm going to call you soon, make sure you're okay.

This is so out of the blue.

This is also only a few days since I came out to Dustin and Lucas... maybe one of them... I don't know. I wonder if you wonder about me too. Maybe there's a reason you break up right after I come out. Maybe it's coincidence.

I hope there's a reason.

-Will

11/14/85

Dear Mike,

I don't buy it. You told me that you two broke up because she wasn't ready? Because you weren't ready? Mike, you called her every night for 353 days. You don't do that unless you have something really special. If you weren't ready, you would have known that ages ago.

I think there's something you're not telling me. That's hypocritical of me, obviously, but I wish you'd tell me.

You both seemed really upset. Why break up if it just makes you miserable? I know you thought I was asleep, but I heard you crying all night. It broke my heart. I hope tonight is better for you.

You said something right before I left today.

"Thanks for coming over. Sorry I didn't shut up all night. I should be quiet more."

Honestly, Mike, if you were to stop talking, I don't know what I'd do. Please never shut up. Please don't be quiet. Make all sorts of noise. I love you. I don't know what's going on in your head, but I want you to be happy. You mean the world to me.

You're the best thing to ever happen to me.

-Will

12/02/85

Dear Mike,

So November was wild. It was like seventh grade all over again. What made you want to hang out with me so much? I'm not complaining at all, but we spent just about every second together.

Thanksgiving was nice. Your mom was so nice to invite us over. Mom was so excited, she made Jonathan help her cook everything. I hope the food was good. I think your mom was a little uncomfortable with Hopper there, but celebrating with El made it worth it, right?

You two are... still friends, but it's always awkward. She visits me on the rare occasions we aren't together. This is weird, Mike. I wish you'd tell me why you're acting weird.

Maybe I have to make the first move.

-Will

12/12/85

Dear Mike,

I am terrified. I'm not going to tell you that I'm terrified, but I am. We've never been invited to a party before.

Dustin told me that we were only invited because Samantha's older sister is throwing the party. I'm sure there's going to be lots of mistletoe because Samantha and Dustin still aren't dating.

So we're kind of not welcome? She only wanted Dustin but she's getting four other people. I'm glad El doesn't want to come. She'd probably make us look like real losers.

Jonathan is worried for me. He knows Samantha's sister, and he says she's nice, and that her parties are mild, but there's going to be alcohol there. I've never had alcohol before. I don't think Mom would let me go if he told her that. Part of me hopes he'll tell her.

Except, you're excited, and I love when you're excited, and it could be fun. It's still terrifying though. Still really scary.

I hope it's fun.

-Will

11/14/85

Dear Mike,

I don't know what day it is. I don't know if it's still the 14th or not, It wasn't fun. It wasn't fun and I'm crying.

why did you have to do that? why did you have to drink so much? i didn't even WANT to drink but i did because you said it was fun! i wish i didn't drink.

I was right about the mistletoe! there was a lot! that's what you blamed it on. the mistletoe. I don't know how to spell it. mistle to? mistleto. mistletoe. those look wrong.

anyway, you kissed me, do you remember???? do you???? I don't think you will. I don't know if i want you to.

youll probably forget allll about tonight, so i will tell you. first, you drank waay too much. even if it wasnt your first time drinking, you would have gotten drunk. then! you told me how fun it was being drunk! so i drank some! it was fun at first, i will say that, but then the world got too spinny and too fake and i didnt like it. after that, i saw dustin and samantha kiss. you saw them too. then you said there was mistletoe above us, and you kissed me!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! you kissed me! we kissed! and then bruce the senior punched me!!!! and you threw up on my shoes!!!! do you remember that? I have a black eye now because you were too busy throwing up. we got kicked out because bruce is samanthas sisters boyfriend and he didnt want any fuckin queers at his party and so i took you home and nobody saw us but mom will see my eye tomorrow and be so mad. shell probably call hopper to get bruce in trouble because hes an adult assaulting a minor but then ill have to be out to the town and i dont want that!!!!!!!

god, i feel like im getting more sober but i still cant see well. my eye really hurts. we're in my room right now and youre all asleep without any worry!!!!!!

something about drunk you... when you started drinking, you looked at me like i feel like i look at you. so i thought, ill let you drink until you cant think and pretend im what you choose but i never thought youd kiss me! that was hopeful thinking!!!!!!

I feel like such an idiot. I shouldnt have gone to that party, i never should have thought wed be wanted there, agreeing to go was the dumbest move im so sorry im sorry im sorry i shouldnt have gone.

i hate this i know that our relationship is going to be different forever because we kissed even if you dont remember, someones gonna tell you and then ill have to tell you im gay and then youll feel awkward around me and im so sorry im sorry i hate this please still be my friend in the morning.

Im so tired i just want to sleep but i dont know if i can. Im so sorry. I wish i could get over you but i CANT!!!!

My mind is blind to everything but you, ill remain within your reign until my thoughts can travel somewhere new im so sorry i cant help

it.

I wonder if you wonder about me too. Ive already said that i think im sorry i just really do wonder because you kissed me and what does it mean???

what does it mean, mike?

-Will

2. Dear Will

Summary for the Chapter:

Dear Will,

I wonder about you too

Notes for the Chapter:

ch 2! not as long, but just tying loose ends.

Dear Will,

I'm going to give this to you, make sure you read it. It's fine, honestly. I can't keep this letter or this secret from you. I have to tell you.

It's 4 am on the 15th and my head hurts and I just read your letter. I know I wasn't supposed to but I did anyway.

I don't remember any of last night, if I'm honest. I really don't remember. I wish I could, though, because I've wanted to kiss you for months, and I hate that I missed our first kiss. I'm not very good at hiding my feelings but I've been trying really hard to and it sounded like you have no idea how into you I am so I'm going to tell you everything because you deserve to know everything.

A part of me has always known how important you are to me because ever since kindergarten you are all I've thought about. I hid from myself for a long time. A *really* long time. You know how my dad is, he's all weird about that kind of stuff and I thought that he would hate me if I ever liked boys. So, I pretended that I only liked girls and that I never thought of you in a romantic way and it was super hard because you're the fucking best and pretending that I wasn't head over heels was shit.

You going missing was the worst fucking thing to ever happen to me! I didn't know what the hell to do without you and everyone thought

you were dead and we saw you fake body and I thought maybe you were dead but then El helped us find you. I'm really sorry I got so wrapped up in her because even though I really liked her a lot, I've always *always* loved you more. Sorry about that.

A bit after El came back, my dad said some rude shit about gay people that got me terrified. I don't even remember what he said but I know that it was awful and ugly and I honestly hate him. He's just the worst. But after he said that dumb shit, I knew I had to stay hidden so I threw myself into my relationship with El for so long and I ignored you a little I think and that was shitty of me but it's in the past and I can't change it. I wish I could but I can't change it.

After a while though, I got so sick and tired of pretending to love her as much as I loved you so I tried to forget my feelings for you but it never happened and then I was tired of dealing with El when she was so frustrated all the time. You pushed us back together and I thought that meant you were straight. I thought it meant we had no chance of ever being anything.

So I kept dating her and kept ignoring you and I felt really awful all the time but what could I do? I couldn't tell anyone about my feelings without the risk of being totally shunned.

Then I told Lucas. Remember how we hung out a lot in the summer? It was because I told him that I like boys and he was really nice about it! And it was super awesome to not worry about accidentally blurting something out and ruining my life so he was my *guy* for so long. He's awesome. He's really awesome.

Also, at my birthday party, the pool party? I so wanted to just confess everything right then and there because you and El were having such a good time and you looked so happy, you know? You looked so happy. I was so smitten that Lucas had to hit me a few times so I could keep a straight head.

Keeping you out of my mind is so hard I don't know how I've managed to hold off for so long but I had El and Lucas knew and for a while, that was enough. I thought, maybe I didn't need to tell you, maybe I could hide my whole life.

Except then, Max started acting different around you, and then your mom was different, and Jonathan was too, and even Nancy acted like she knew you better than I did. Then you stopped going to therapy and I realized, she *did* know you better than I did and that sucked so hard and I couldn't stand it. I figured that once El could leave the cabin, life would be easier, because I could spend more time with her and it would be lots of fun, but it actually turned out to suck a bit, because then Dustin and Lucas started acting like they knew you better than I did and I kept thinking, what were you telling them that I didn't know?!

I asked Lucas what was up and Lucas said that maybe I had more of a chance than I thought and he didn't give any details at all which was pretty shitty of him but I guess I understand, but after he said that I assumed he meant with you.

One day, El asked me about the SnowBall. I told her it was just for the middle school and that I was in high school, but that there was a high school dance. She asked if I was going to take her to that, like last year, but when I thought about it, I didn't want to. I told her no, that I really wanted to take you, and she said she understood. It was really cool of her, to just accept that, so we broke up. I felt so bad because I had called her for so long and we had such a strong foundation but I just left her in the dust for you and then you came over the day after we split because she told you what happened and I couldn't help but cry. I felt so awful.

I clung onto you so hard after that and I could tell you could tell that something was up but you didn't pry which was amazing and then we were invited to this Christmas party and I thought it'd be the perfect excuse to finally make a move, right? I drank a little because I was nervous and then I don't remember anything past that. That was dumb of me. That was really dumb of me. I'm really sorry for apparently kissing you and throwing up on your shoes.

It's really dark in here so I can't see your eye well but it looks awful and it's all my fault isn't it? It's all my fault. I never wanted our first kiss to be like this. I wanted romance and warmth and shit but I fucked everything up.

I'm going to make it up to you! When you wake up, I'm going to kiss

you so hard and so well that you'll forget about how dumb I am. You'll forget about all the stupid shit I've done and you'll forgive me.

Please wake up soon. I really want to kiss you and tell you how much I love you.

Also, please don't hate me while you read this.

Love, Mike.

P.S.- you're really cute when you sleep and I've always thought this and now I get to tell you! How cool is that! I *finally* get to tell you.

Notes for the Chapter:

thank you for reading!!!!

comments + kudos are the best ;)

Author's Note:

i hope you enjoyed!! my tumblr is toes-er.tumblr.com and i accept song/ship requests (i have a million things im working on rn though honestly)

comments and kudos are the best!!!!!!!!!!